

MINIBUS

I am driving one, with curtains all around. I keep pulling at the curtains, without haste and without anger, to see where I'm going.

The road is being repaired, and there are danger signs up all over the place. There is a railway sleeper on the left, propped up, with a red flag tied to the top. There is a deep trench on the other side of the road. And I continue plucking at the curtains.

A rapid red double-decker bus rushes round the corner directly in front, and only just misses me. I'm outraged.

A friend receives a form to fill in as a result of my complaint. They're issuing the driver a summons. The friend writes that the bus took two seconds to round the corner and disappear from sight. I figure less. We disagree. He wasn't even there.

Two other friends are discussing education in a parking lot. I feel involved, but they ignore me. So I get in the car blindly; drive off still plucking at the curtains.

TWO MEN IN A MIRROR

I am sitting here. He faces me. I am looking at him. Every move I make is not so much recorded as imitated. The man is doing what I am doing, but with minute variations, and a split second after. We are not simultaneous, though our aims are alike. I move slowly, giving him a chance to adapt, even get there ahead of me, but he is never willing to take the risk. He looks at me with eyes I have never seen before. If I leave and return, the expression on his face has changed, not for the better. I recognize his furniture. I recognize his clothes. I wonder if he too registers recognition. I wonder if I recognize the face. I wonder if he wonders if he recognizes the face.